

Not a Fancy.

UPON READING GERRALE'S MUSINGS.

I call it not a fancy,
Nor even mystic thought.—
Belief in the immortal
Her unseen beauties brought
To cheer you in your loneliness
And wipe away your tears,
To calm your eager longings
And hush your many fears.

If it be idle dreaming
That brings us near the gate
Of that celestial city
Where loved ones for us wait,
Then leave us in your wisdom
To dream our dreams alone,
And fancy in our weakness
That dead ones are not flown.

M. M. STERLING.

The Path of Gold.

I was riding from Philadelphia to Baltimore, on my way to Harpers Ferry. I had been over the route via the B. & O. R. R., and the scenery had no special attraction for me. Besides I was in no condition to drink in natural scenery. Tired, heated, dusty and thinking of adverse circumstances. I was discouraged when I reached the Susquehanna river, and the train slowed as about to cross that great bridge which is one mile and a quarter long, a hundred feet above high water and cost one million dollars, I roused myself and looking out the car window opposite me, I saw a most beautiful sight.

The sun was about to sink behind the western hills. Clouds piled on each other, formed the background. All around was that quiet, subdued color, which comes about sunset, and which makes one feel very near God, if they will follow the thought that naturally comes at such time. But from the car window to the great orb of light there was a path of condensed brightness. It seemed as if all the sunlight had been withdrawn from earth, and had been thrown in one path, a path of gold leading from that car window up into heaven, through the gate way of the sun. Had I seen angels coming and going, it would have been as beautiful a sight as Jacob saw. I imagined I heard the flutter of their wings and saw the Father as he sent and received them.

I can now shut my eyes and see that dark dusty spot at the edge of the river, the bright spot over the western hill, and a path leading from the dark to the bright—a path of gold.

There are dark spots in life. Sickness is a dark spot. How often we come to them. The flesh is weak and corruption develops. Disease running through our own bodies clouds our minds, or disease in the bodies of our loved ones darken our mental horizon. Disappointments are a dark spot. How numerous they are. Hearts centered on earthly objects, and they fail us. Expectations are high and we fail to realize them. We build castles in the air and are prevented from putting foundations under them. Bereavements are dark spots, and they will come. They are in the path and must be met. Jesus Christ is the only one who never preached any funeral sermons, and he in the flesh is not here. Death roams abroad and we have seen and felt the consequence of his work. But there is a bright place. Christ said: "In my Father's house are many mansions, if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also." That bright place is heaven. A place prepared for a prepared people.

Did you ever notice how bright earth is after a shower when the rainbow spans the hills? If there is brightness here, with only half a circle, how bright will that place be where John says: "there was a rainbow round about the throne in sight like unto an emerald." Those who came from that place were bright with glory. When Jesus received Moses and Elias on the mount, "his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light," and when a mighty angel came from heaven, with the open book, John says, he was "clothed with a cloud, and a rainbow was upon his

head, and his face was as it were the sun and his feet as pillars of fire."

But we know from the word that it is a bright place. There is no sin there, nothing can enter that place which loveth or maketh a lie. Sin caused the darkness of earth, but there is no sin in that place. "Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face. Now I know in part, but then shall I know even as also I am known."

"When the mists have rolled in splendor
From the summit of the hills,
And the sunshine, warm and tender
Falls in kisses on the rills,
We may read love's shining letter
In the rainbow of the spray;
We shall know each other better
When the mists have cleared away."

There is a path of gold leading from the dark spot of earth to the bright place in heaven. That path is Christ. The prophet said God would make a man finer than pure gold. Christ is that man. He was human, yet without sin, and he said: "I am the way, the truth and the life; no man cometh unto the Father except by me."

Magellan coasted along the shore of America, looking for a way from the Atlantic to the great ocean discovered by Balboa. Six years before he found one, and it is known as the strait of Magellan. The Lord Jesus Christ is the strait—the way from the rough Atlantic of sin, to the peaceful waters of salvation,—the Pacific of God's love.

Look at some of the characteristics of this golden pathway.

It is a narrow path, "because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." I once went from Hagerstown, Md., to Waynesboro, Pa. Leaving the former place in the afternoon, and getting off at the junction, I found no train for the latter until evening. Not being afraid of seven miles, and wishing to see the country, I started to walk. Before reaching the place I found a long stretch of tresseling. There was a way for the cars. In the middle of the track was a plank a way for the foot traveler. I walked the plank, reached the other side and in due time reached my destination. Christ Jesus is the narrow way through this world, broad enough for all the world, yet in regard to character, so narrow, that only those who follow the spirit's teaching can walk therein.

It is a pure path. Isaiah said, "It shall be called the way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it." Christ is pure, and those who follow him must be pure, hence he says: "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God," true holiness comes from within and not from without. Neither creeds nor confessions, nor formalities, nor church machinery, can make men pure. Only the blood of Christ can cleanse from all sin, and if any man sin, he has an advocate with the Father, even Christ the righteous. While we do wrong, and are in a sinful world, and cannot be holy as angels, yet we can be perfect even as our Father in heaven would have us be: "Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord."

It is a safe path. In purity there is safety. The inspired word says: "No lion shall be there, nor ravenous beasts shall go up thereon." This country of which he was speaking suffered from lions, especially about the time of barley harvest, when the Jordan overflowed and the water drove out the wild beasts into the surrounding country. But in this way there is safety. The devil goes about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour, but he cannot hunt the Christian. You remember how Bunyan pictures the pilgrim going up the path to Zion. In the distance are two lions, and the pilgrim is afraid. Getting near, he finds them chained, one on either side of the path, and putting his fingers in his ears he goes by in safety. Sometimes the lions of sin and trouble keep up a terrible roaring, but they are outside of the path, and, while they get near, they cannot enter. Keep in the middle of the road, with your eye on the city, and you will be safe.

It is a plain path. "It shall be for those, the wayfaring men though fools, shall not err therein." This must mean what it says; no more, no less. It has been illustrated more than once. An English Bishop had under his care a boy who was considered a fool, but the bishop instructed him. The boy died. His last words were:

"Oh! what does silly Billy see,
Three in one and one in three,
And one of them has died for me."

I doubt if any bishop could put the great principle of the Gospel any better than that. The three in one, and the atonement of Christ. There are mysteries in life. They are seen in the sun, in the rainbow, in the blooming flower, in our own bodies. There is mystery all around us, and "great is the mystery of godliness," but the sun gives heat, the rainbow gives us hope, the flowers gives us delight, and godliness is profitable in all things. There is enough made plain to take us home. It is our duty to follow the plain, secret things belonging to God. Revealed things belong to us and we will be responsible for their use. God's word is a lamp unto our feet, and a light unto our path. We may not understand the philosophy of its light, but it is not the philosophy, but the beauty of holiness that tells on the world.

It is a happy path. We travel "with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads. They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sadness shall flee away." Outside of this path there is no true happiness. People sometimes think they are happy, but it is like a hungry man sleeping and dreaming he is eating. He awakes and is yet hungry. "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." How can there be; sin is ever before them. Like the ghost, it will not down. Sin is misery. God has united happiness with purity, and satan, the high priest of hell, has married sin and misery. To be in sin is to be in misery, but to be in this path of gold is to be happy. It may lead through temptation, and trouble, and death, but the backbone of temptation, and trouble, and death has been broken, and like Paul and Silas, though confined by adverse circumstances, we can sing of our Redeemer and his wondrous love until the place rings with the songs of redemption and the earnest of the everlasting joy, which we shall have in that place where there is a fulness of joy and pleasure forever more. It is a triumphant path. It ends right, "And the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion." The bright place called heaven is the place where this path ends. So many paths in life end wrong. The domestic path sometimes ends wrong. The business path sometimes ends wrong. The church path sometimes ends wrong, but the Christian's path ends right. It may be as winding as the path of Israel's children, but at last the Jordan is crossed, the Jerico overthrown, and the promised land obtained. The path may run over hills, through floods and cross mountains high and rugged, but the end is triumphant. It runs in Zion.

"The holy city that stands on that celestial shore." The path runs through the valley of the shadow, but death is only a tunnel on the road to glory. It may be dark, but what of that. Jesus Christ the head light of glory will illuminate the path. A golden flood of sunshine will pour down, and from the last dark spot of earth to the eternal place of brightness there will be glory. Oh what triumph there will be when all temptation, disappointment, trouble, doubt, and death will be behind us, and heaven with all its glory and loved ones shall be before us. "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

If you are not in this path of gold, get in it quick. If you are in it, reader, be encouraged. Keep on, fear not; the time will come when you can say: "I have kept the faith," and the faith having kept you, the pearly gate will swing open, down the golden street you will walk, and enjoy the light that comes from its founder. "And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it, for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."

JOHN DUKE MCFADEN.

Willie.

Departed this life Aug. 16th, 1888, William John Torode, after spending in this world, eighteen beautiful years. On Sunday the 19th, after services at the house, we carried his body and laid it in the grave.

Willie was a young man of mental abilities. One need only look at his well shaped head to see the mark of intellect. As I looked at him as he lay in the coffin, I thought he was evidently a young